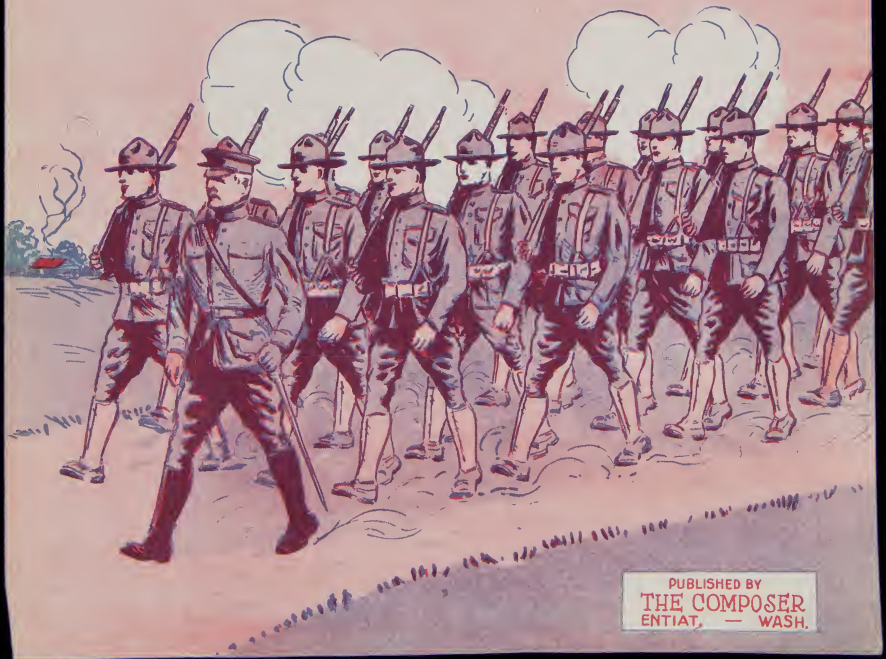
OUR BOYS IN FRANCE

By

Gertrude L. Berg



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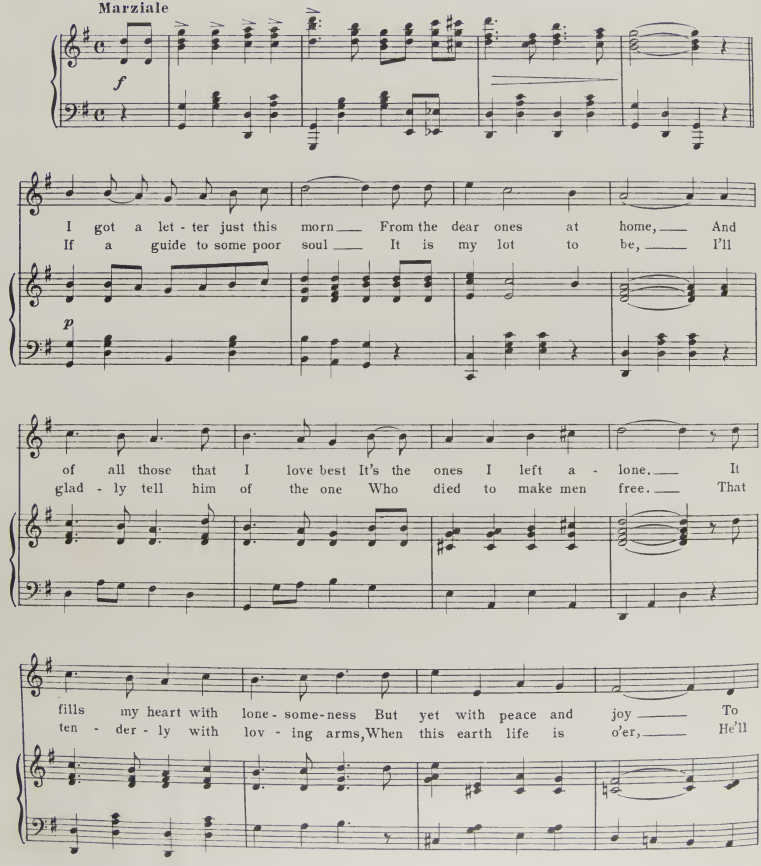
Marziale
f
I got a let - ter just this morn From the dear ones at home, And
If a guide to some poor soul It is my lot to be, I'll
p
of all those that I love best It's the ones I left a - lone. It
glad - ly tell him of the one Who died to make men free. That
fills my heart with lone - some-ness But yet with peace and joy To
ten - der - ly with lov - ing arms, When this earth life is o'er, He'll

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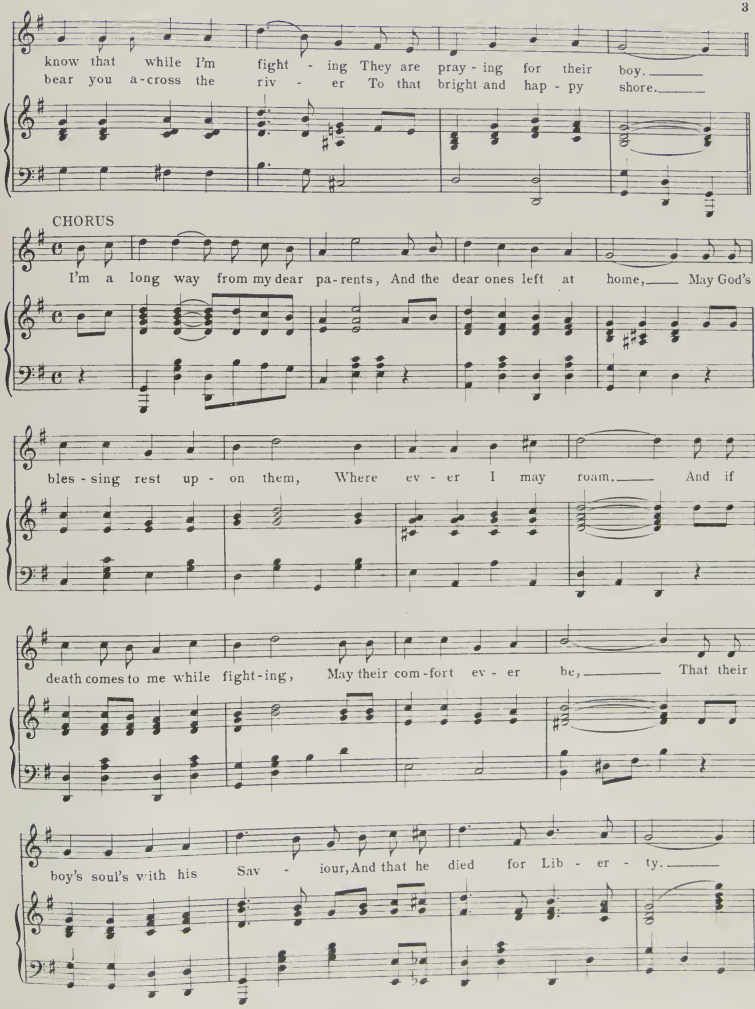
know that while I'm fight - ing They are pray - ing for their boy.
bear you a-cross the riv - er To that bright and hap - py shore.
CHORUS
I'm a long way from my dear pa-rents, And the dear ones left at home, May God's
bles - sing rest up - on them, Where ev - er I may roam. And if
death comes to me while fight-ing, May their com-fort ev - er be, That their
boy's soul's with his Sav - iour, And that he died for Lib - er - ty.